

TO ACTIVATE

Borag Thung, Earthlets! Here is another zarjaz pull-out poster for you to display on your bedroom wall. To detach the poster open the staples in the middle of the comic. Then, using a pair of sharp scissors, neatly trim off the sides up to the black line. Lastly, paste the poster on to a piece of cardboard which has been cut to size. Look out for another amazing cover poster soon!

PROG 434  
7 SEP 85

WEST SIDE RUMBLE

24p

£1.05 Malaysia \$1.00 Australia \$1.00 New Zealand



SONG OF  
THE  
ZITS!

♪ A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! ♪

♪ WE LOVE TO GO  
A-RUMBLING! ♪

♪ WE LOVE TO  
LAY IN AMBUSH  
IN THE NIGHT! ♪

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

2000 AD  
FEATURING JUDGE DRACULA

♪ A-RUMBLING!  
A-RUMBLING! ♪

♪ THE SHARKS WERE  
BORN FOR RUMBLING! ♪

♪ THERE'S NOTHIN'  
WE LIKE BETTER  
THAN A FIGHT! ♪

CLIFF ROBINSON



# NERVE CENTRE

THARG BLOOD

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Although it was heartbreaking to see *Ace Garp* meet his flaming end last week, life – as we say on Betelgeuse – must go on. I have, however, programmed a Pin-Up of the great Barp from Parp for you to cut out and treasure: a constant reminder of his heroism, his dignity, and his strange way with words. Elsewhere in this week's cosmic issue, all is action stations, with *Strontium Dog* and *Slaine* reaching their respective circuit-shuddering and Cythron-slicing climaxes. Both of these serotnig stories will come back to 2000 AD very soon, Squaxx dek Thargo, so go easy on the hate mail. When *Slaine* in particular returns, I can promise you a breakthrough in the art of comics – a new form of thrills, never seen before in this solar system! More news of that later...and still more news towards the end of the prog in my feature on your future, which is – as we also say on Betelgeuse – zarjaz!

SPLUNDIG VUR THIRIGG!

# THARG

Drawn by Earthlet  
Ian Waters, London.  
£10 Winner.



JUDGE  
PLUKE

Drawn by Earthlet Aaron Fern, Reading. £10 Winner.

## DESPERATE WHO?

Dear Tharg,

I take great exception to the constant references to 2000 AD being a "comic". I'd hardly class your magnificent publication in the same league as the *CENSORED* and the *CENSORED*. I consider 2000 AD to be an authoritative social comment on the next century. After all, when the Dark Judges appear it'll be pointless running around shouting "Wham! Bang! Wizzol! Call Desperate Dan!" – as every 2000 AD reader knows, the correct procedure is to inform the nearest judge and make great speed in the opposite direction.

From Earthlet J.R. Stead, Eccles. £5 Winner.

Don't waste your thrill-time fretting about 2000 AD being called a comic. If anyone could say it was a bad or boring comic, that would be worrying – but there's no shame attached to reading the best comic ever created, is there?

## THE OLD "RUBBISH" TRICK

Dear Tharg,

I've been reading your zarjaz comic for about 2 years, and my friend has always insisted that it was rubbish. Recently he picked up one of my progs that was lying around, and started flicking through it, and now all he ever talks about is 2000 AD! He has taken about 120 of my progs up to his house to read, so now you have yet another dedicated reader.

From Earthlet David Berritta, Chesterfield. £5 Winner.

Wise up, Terran! Your friend is clearly a thrill-loader, claiming to dislike 2000 AD in order to get his grabbers on your cosmic collection. Demand the return of your 120 progs, and tell him to buy his own.

## BB : PM?

Dear Tharg,

Whilst reviewing the music press on Radio 1 (on July 11, Earthtime), mega-star Billy Bragg revealed that 2000 AD is the only comic he ever reads. He went on to say that he's a particular fan of *Slaine*. The fact that Mr Bragg is a 2000 AD fan is surely another reason why he should be prime minister.

From Earthlet Miles Bingham, Hove. £5 Winner.

Hear hear.

## SAVAGE CRITICISM

Dear Tharg,

When I was looking through The Sunday Press I noticed a picture that made me jump. It was the cover of Prog 182, and under that there was a scan of *Judge Dredd* himself. I think the writer was suffering from thrill-sucker infestation, though, as he said that 2000 AD was a violent comic.

From Earthlet James Smith, Kilnaleck, Eire. £5 Winner.

The grexnix! If I ever get my hands on him I'll rip off his arms, shoot him full of lead, feed him to the lions...etc, etc...

## VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....

I Dislike: .....

My Age is: ..... 434

# Slaine

SCRIPT  
PAT MILLS  
ART  
DAVID PUGH  
LETTERING  
STEVE POTTER

GULAG, CITY OF THE HIGH CYTHRONS, WHERE NEST'S TALISMAN HAD BEGUN TO TURN DEAHOO INTO A FRIEND. BUT MYRAAKOTHKA, THE ALIEN DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH, HAD ARRIVED — AND PLANNED TO EXPERIMENT ON NEST.

PLEASE  
DON'T TOUCH  
MY AURA!

YES, YOU HAVE  
AN EXCELLENT  
ENERGY FIELD,  
HUMAN. YOU WILL  
BE THE FIRST OF A NEW  
GENERATION OF ORGOTS  
TO MASS-PRODUCE  
THE PRANA WE  
NEED.

AND I WILL  
FINALLY CONVINCE  
THE GULEDIG-PRASE  
BE HIS NAME — THAT  
THIS PLANET CAN  
BE FARMED  
SCIENTIFICALLY!

OF COURSE  
I WILL HAVE  
TO MAKE SOME...  
ADJUSTMENTS  
TO YOU.  
DEAHOO...

YES,  
DIRECTOR?

PREPARE  
THE ORGANIC  
BLENDER.  
AND BRING  
ME THE BIO-  
WELDER!

NO!

MEANWHILE, WE  
HEADED THROUGH  
THE SILENT STREETS  
OF THE CITY, KEEPING  
A WARY EYE OUT  
FOR SLUGHS...



FOR IN SULAG,  
DEATH DOESN'T  
WAIT IN THE  
SHADOWS...

DEATH IS THE  
SHADOWS!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING TO  
MEEEEP

ONLY THE WARRIOR'S  
SCREAMING SHADOW  
REMAINED—  
IMPRINTED ON THE  
WALL.

ORDINARY  
WEAPONS ARE  
USELESS  
AGAINST THE  
SLUAGHS...



USE YOUR  
LEYSERS!

ONLY  
THE LIGHT  
WILL DESTROY  
THEM!

NOW —  
INTO THE  
PALACE!



DILUVIALS!




THIS IS  
BETTER THAN  
FIGHTING  
SHADOWS!












THAT'S VERY TRUE. I'M A LITTLE SHAPELIER, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.


NEST!

WE THOUGHT YOU...




I WOULD HAVE BEEN CONVERTED — BUT FOR OEAHOO. MYRDDIN'S TALISMAN WORKED ON HER. SHE ATTACKED MYRAAKOTHKA WITH THE BIO-WELDER.

WHERE IS SHE NOW?



WE'VE JUST FINISHED PUTTING HER IN THE ORGANIC BLENDER!




A MOST APT FATE: COME — LET US LEAVE THIS DREADFUL PLACE.

UNNNH!



MYRDDIN! WHAT IS IT?



GRIMNISMAL! THE MOST TERRIFYING OF THE HIGH CYTHRONS IS STIRRING IN HIS TOMB... HIS LONG HIBERNATION IS OVER!



THE DARK GOD IS AWAKENING!

**THE TOMB OF GRIMNISMAL**

DON'T MISS THIS EPIC NEW SLÁINE ADVENTURE — WARPING YOUR WAY SOON!





# THARG'S FUTURE-

# SHOCKS

# SPEAK NO'EVIL

2000AD  
Credit Card!  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
P. MILLIGAN  
ART ROBOT  
E. BRADBURY  
LETTERING ROBOT  
G. ROBSON  
COMPU-73e

MEET PROFESSOR MAGNUSSON, WHO CLAIMS HE CAN GREATLY INCREASE THE IQ OF DUMB ANIMALS...

YOU SEE THIS MINI VILLAGE? IT WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY MICE WHO HAVE UNDERGONE MY CLEVER TANK PROCESS!

BUT RESEARCH OF THIS KIND DOES NOT COME CHEAP...

CUTE — BUT HOW'S IT GONNA HELP JOE PUBLIC?

UNLESS YOU SHOW US YOUR PROCESS HAS BENEFITS FOR HUMANITY, YOUR RESEARCH GRANT STOPS NOW!

JUST WATCH! MICE WERE ONLY A PRELIMINARY TEST — MY REAL TARGET IS APES!

THESE APES WILL DO ALL THE DANGEROUS, HEAVY AND BORING WORK AT PRESENT PERFORMED BY MEN...

RONNIE AND REGGIE HAVE BEEN LYING IN THE CLEVER TANK FOR THREE WEEKS. THEIR INTELLIGENCE SHOULD NOW BE INCREASED TEN-FOLD!

CHEAPER AND MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN ROBOTS!

SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, PROFESSOR.

LET'S SEE THE CHIMPS IN ACTION...

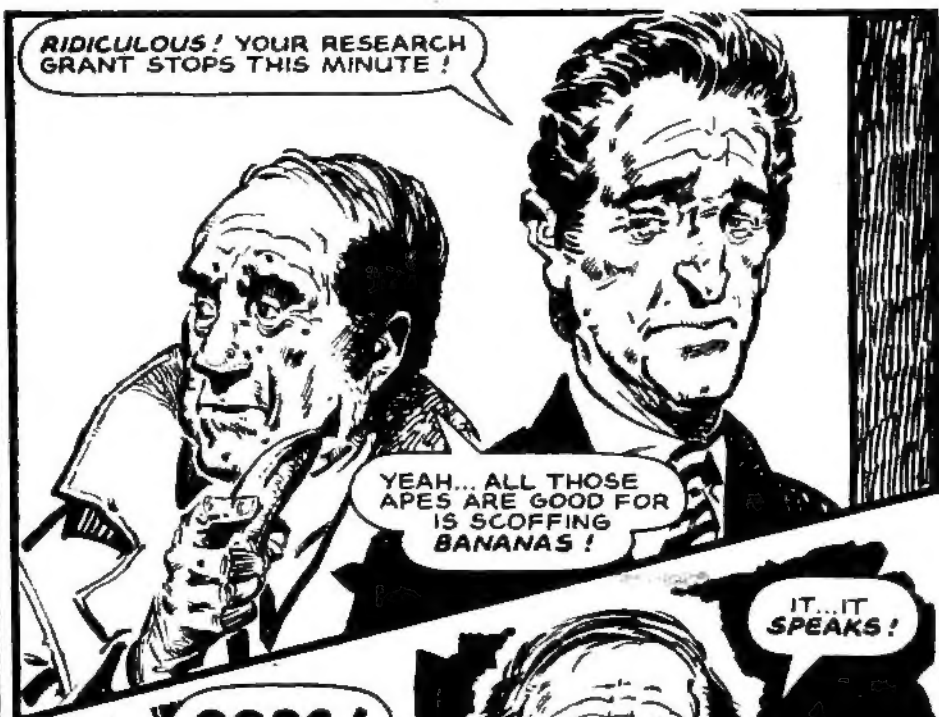
RONNIE AND REGGIE ARE RELEASED FROM THE CLEVER TANK...

OKAY, RONNIE. I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL THE NICE MEN WHAT TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS...

GIBBER!

GIBBER!







# Strontium Dog



MUTANT BOUNTYHUNTER JOHNNY ALPHA HAS OFFERED A MILLION-CREDIT BOUNTY FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF **BLACK GUMBS** AND HIS SLAVERS. NOW A MESSAGE FROM FELLOW S/D AGENT **FROG PARSONS** BRINGS HIM TO **SPITTOON**, IN THE **DRULE** SYSTEM —



THAT'S THEM, JOHNNY THE CAMOUFLAGE NET STRETCHES FOR DAMN NEAR TWO KAYS! THEY GOT THEIR **MOTHER-SHIP** UNDER THERE, TOO.



IT'S ALMOST INVISIBLE FROM ABOVE—TO **NORMAL** EYES, ANYWAY

IT PAY TO LOOK LIKE DER FROG SOMETIMES, EH, PARSONS?



WHADDYAMEAN? YOU REFERRING TO MY **MUTATION**, BY ANY CHANCE?

ACH! GO EASY, FROG—

THERE YOU GO AGAIN! THE NAME'S **CECIL**, ROT YOU!



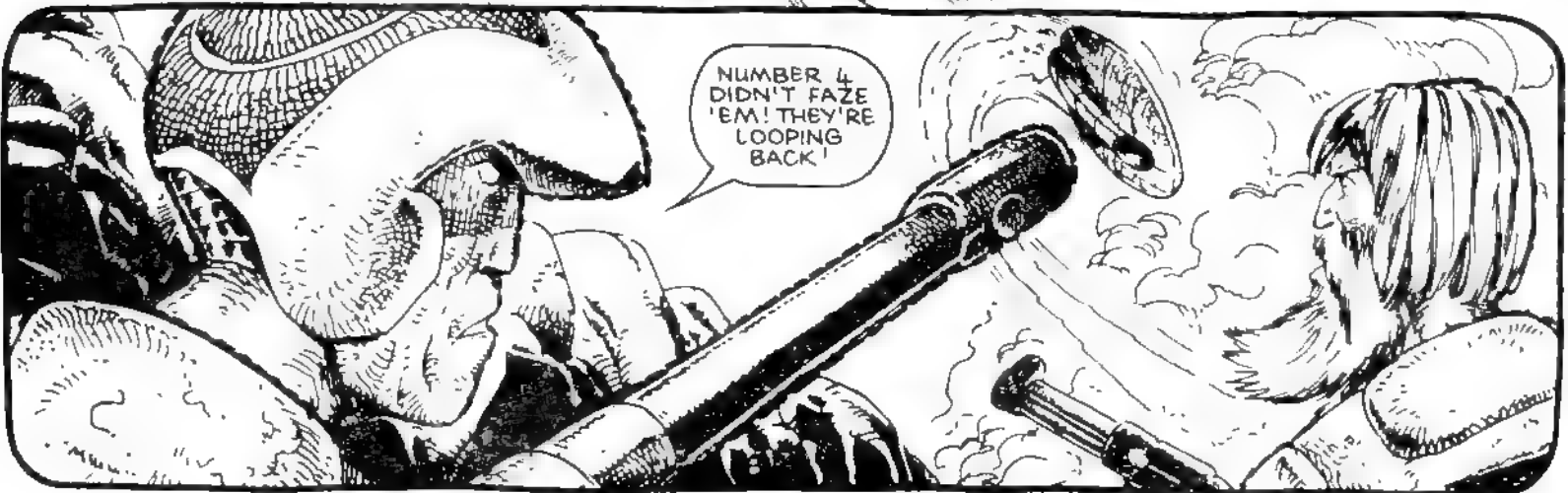
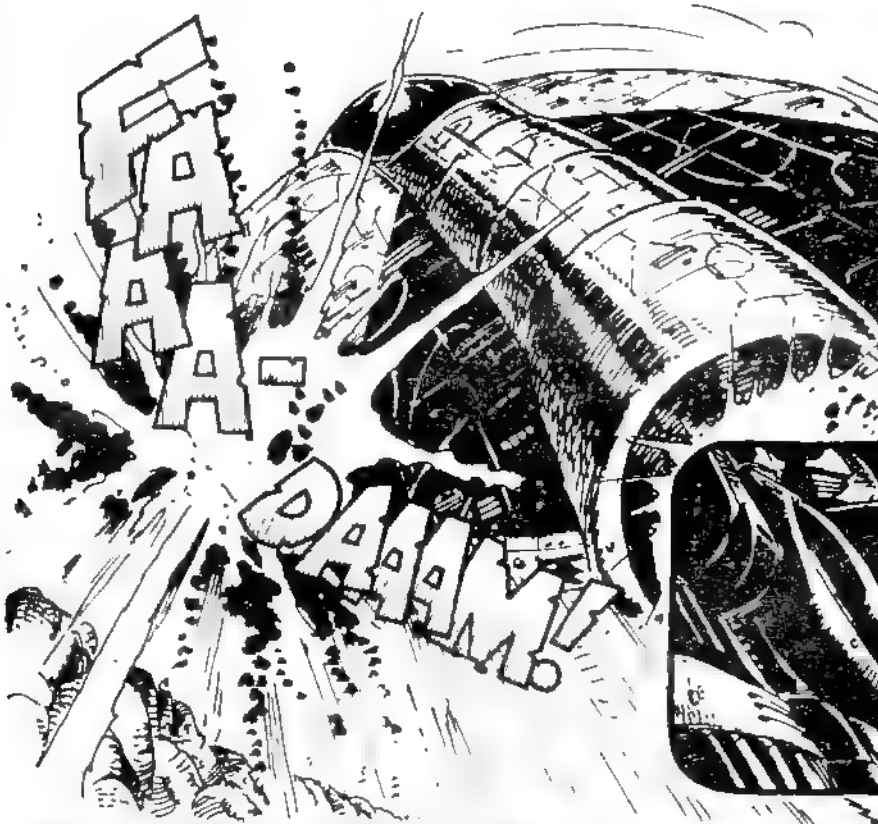


**ELECTRO-FLARE!**











LET'S  
TRY A  
NUMBER  
3!

THE HIGH-INTENSITY  
TUNNELLER BEAM  
BORES THROUGH THE  
SHIP'S TOUGH OUTER  
SHELL



AAAAAAGH!



WE'RE  
OUT OF  
CONTROL!



BOOM!



SOME  
FIREWORK  
DISPLAY,  
JOHNNY!

YEAH.



RECKON  
THEY WON'T  
BE BOTHERIN'  
DECENT FOLK  
AGAIN.

THE END

JOHNNY ALPHA! BACK  
ON THE TRAIL—SOON!





THEY'D BEEN WAITING THERE SINCE NIGHTFALL FOR THE SHARKS TO COME ALONG. THEY KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO PASS THIS STRETCH OF STREET SO THEY'D SHARPENED UP THEIR STICKERS AND THEY'D BROUGHT ALONG THEIR BARS, AND THEY WERE WEARING STEEL-TIPPED STOMPERS ON THEIR FEET.

THERE WAS BIG FRANK ZIT AND FACEACHE, CRAZY JOSEPH WITH HIS SPEAR, THE DIXON BOYS WERE THERE AND BILLY RAT. LIKE THE SPIKE HAD BROUGHT HIS SISTER WITH HER HOMEMADE GHETTO BLASTER, AND THE GHOUL HAD PUT NEW RIVERS IN HIS BAT.



NOW IT WASN'T NOTHIN' PERSONAL THAT THEY HAD AGAINST THE SHARKS, ANY BUNCH OF DEAD-END SPUGS WOULD DO. 'COS THERE WAS NOTHING THEY LIKED BETTER THAN TO MASH AND BASH AND STOMP, SAME AS ANY NORMAL MEGA-CITY JUVES.

THE ZITS!

A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! WE LOVE TO GO A-RUMBLING!

WE LOVE TO LAY IN AMBUSH IN THE NIGHT!

A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! THE ZITS WERE BORN FOR RUMBLING!

THERE'S NOTHING WE LIKE BETTER THAN A FIGHT!

THEN A HEADLIGHT PIERCED THE DARKNESS - A RIDER GAUNT AND GRIM, DAYSTICK DRAWN AND READY IN HIS HAND.

THE CHIN BELONGED TO DREDD, AND THE VOICE AS WELL, WHICH SAID:

YOU CREEPS CAN DO YOUR RUMBLING IN THE CAN!



"IT'S JUST ONE JUDGE!" CRIED CINDY SPIKE AND OPENED WITH HER BLASTER -

I'LL SEND HIM BACK TO CENTRAL IN A SACK!

SPONG!



BUT DREDD'S BIKE ABSORBED THE BLAST AND HE LAID HER ON THE STREET, WITH TYRE MARKS RUNNING RIGHT ACROSS HER BACK.



THEN THE JUDGE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS AND HIS DAYSTICK ROSE AND FELL, STRIKING OUT AT EVERY HEAD HE SAW.



FOR THOUGH THE ZITS LAUNCHED THE ATTACK, THE SHARKS WERE FIGHTING BACK -



AND SELF DEFENCE IS NO DEFENCE IN LAW!



AS THE HEAP OF BODIES MOUNTED, BIG ZIT COULD SEE HIS WATERLOO, WAITING JUST ONE STATION DOWN THE LINE.



OH, SURE, HE LOVED TO RUMBLE - BUT HE PREFERRED TO BE ON TOP...

LET'S SCRAM AND LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER TIME!



DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT FORTY-PLUS JUVE RUMBLERS FLEEING EAST THROUGH BERNSTEIN. ZITS AND SHARKS. BACK-UP REQUIRED.

WILCO, DREDD!



MED SQUADS AND MEAT WAGONS TO MORENO ALLEY.

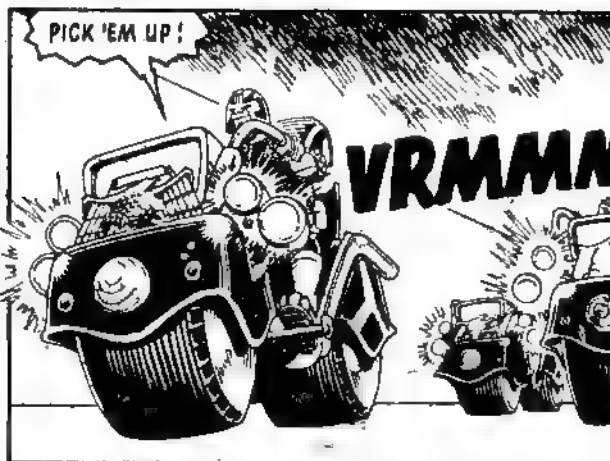
ESTIMATE TWENTY CASUALTIES. MORE TO FOLLOW.



CONTROL TO ALL UNITS AREA BERNSTEIN. YPS ON THE RUN.

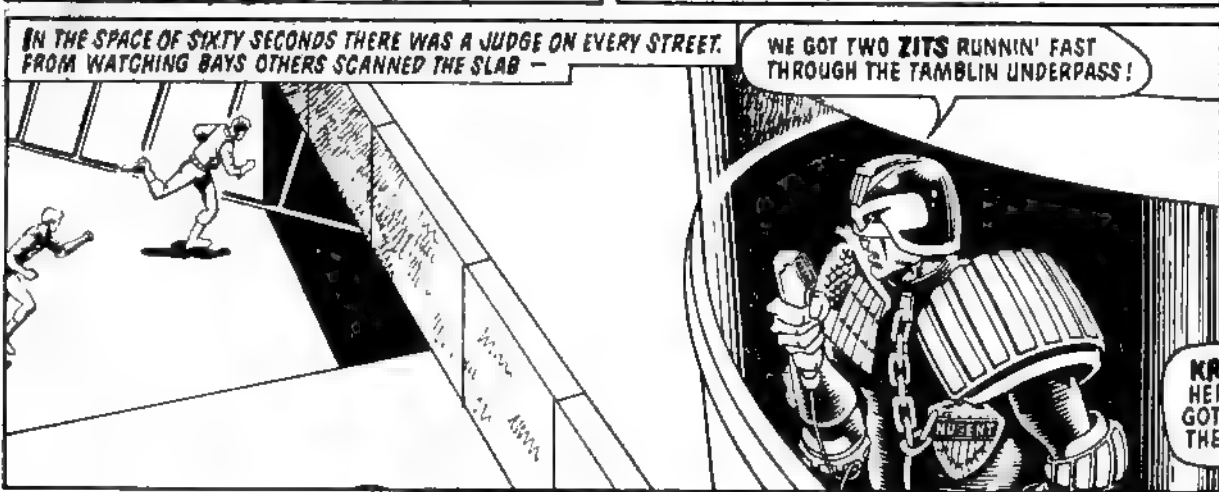


PICK 'EM UP!

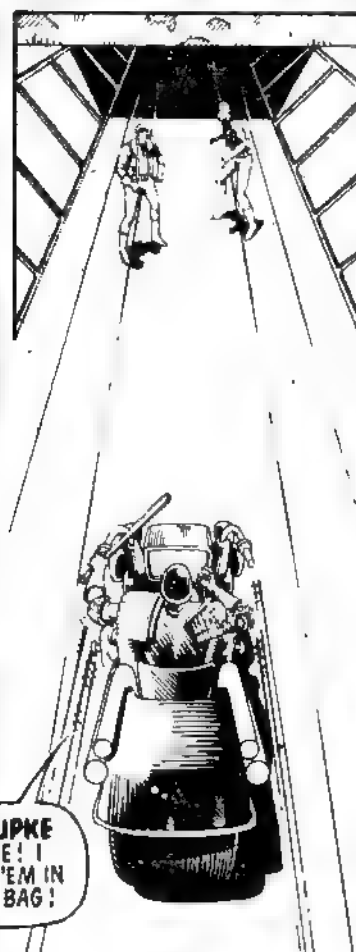


IN THE SPACE OF SIXTY SECONDS THERE WAS A JUDGE ON EVERY STREET. FROM WATCHING BAYS OTHERS SCANNED THE SLAB -

WE GOT TWO ZITS RUNNIN' FAST THROUGH THE TAMBLIN UNDERPASS!



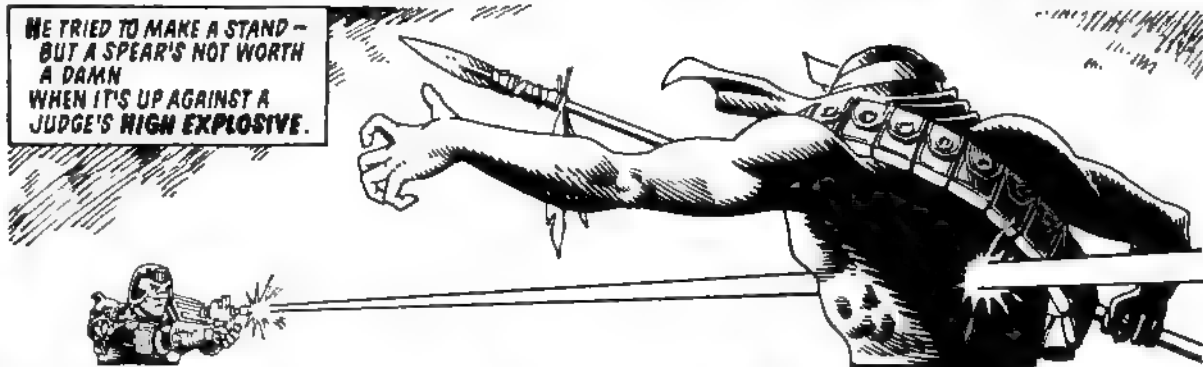
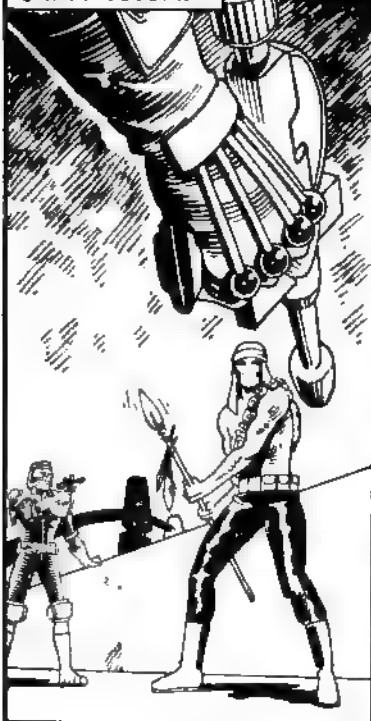
KRUPKE HERE! I GOT 'EM IN THE BAG!





THEY CUT THEM OFF AT SONDEHEIM  
AND THEY MOPPED THEM UP ON  
WOOD,  
ON PEDWAY 12 THEY CORNERED  
CRAZY JOSEPH.

WE TRIED TO MAKE A STAND -  
BUT A SPEAR'S NOT WORTH  
A DAMN  
WHEN IT'S UP AGAINST A  
JUDGE'S HIGH EXPLOSIVE.



THE GHOUL SURRENDERED  
QUETLY, HE DIDN'T  
HAVE MUCH CHOICE -



IKE THE SPIKE  
TRIED TO SCALE  
THE SECTOR WALL -



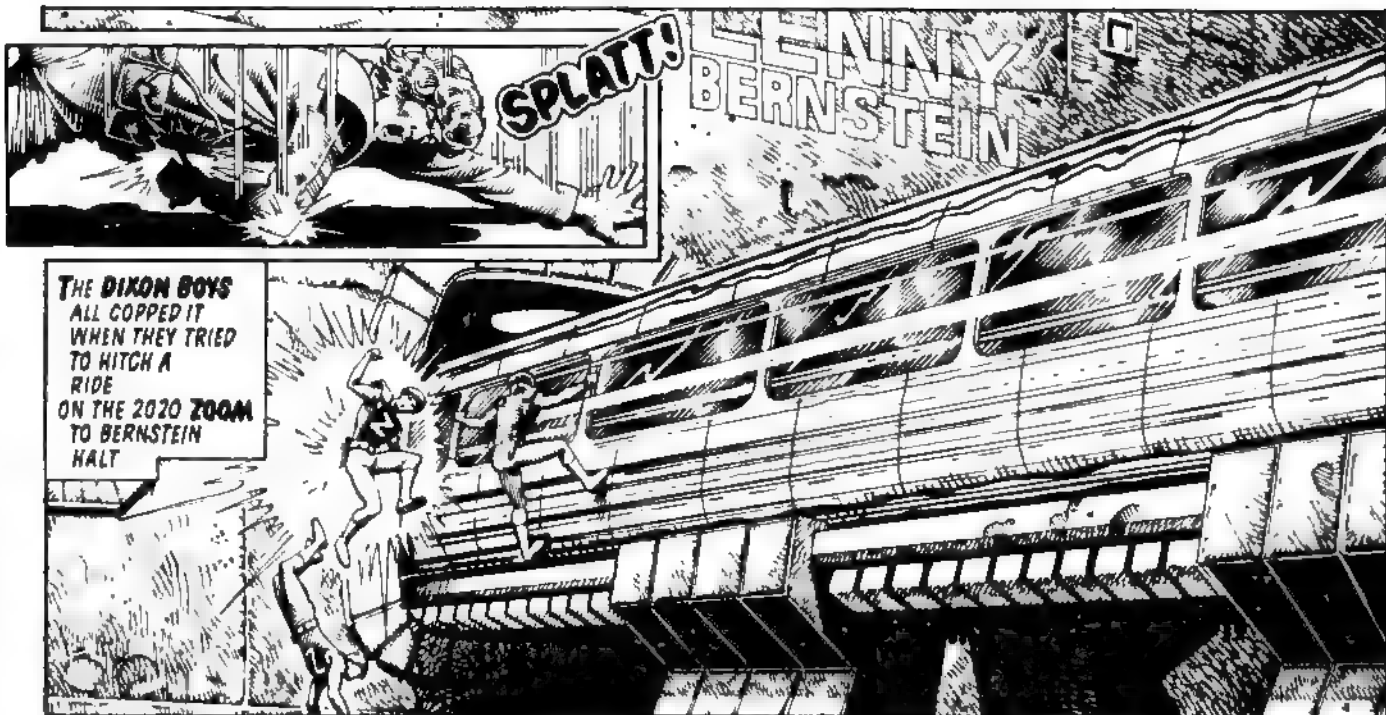
SAVE  
YOUR BULLET.  
HE'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT.



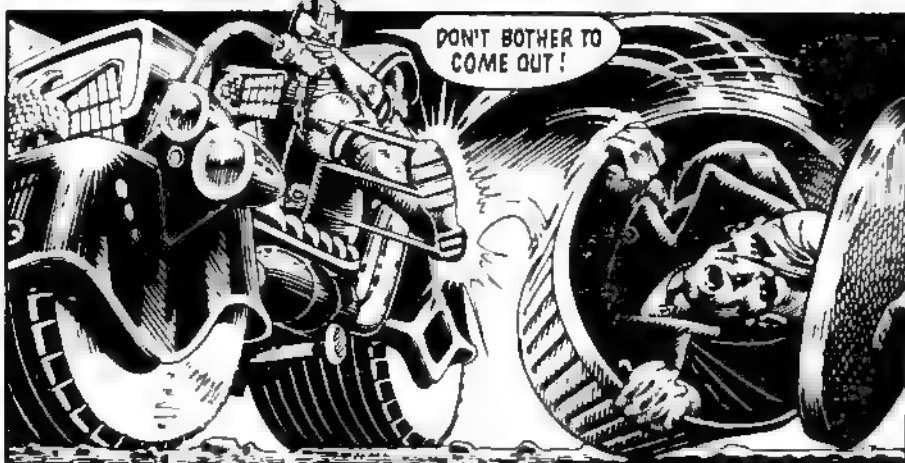
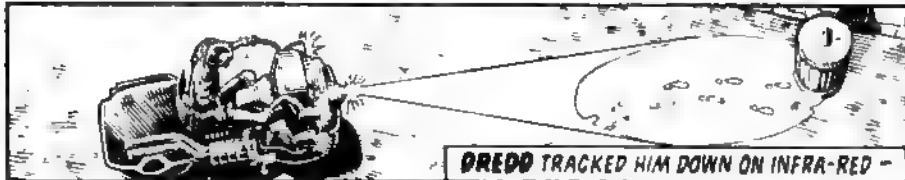
OH NO!



A  
A  
A  
A  
A  
H  
H!



**BIG ZIT THOUGHT HE'D PLAY IT CLEVER, THE LAW WAS EVERYWHERE, THE SAFEST THING FOR HIM TO DO WAS HIDE -**



IN MINUTES FLAT THEY'D CAUGHT THEM, EVERY SHARK AND EVERY ZIT.  
TO DREDD IT FELT TO LADLE OUT THE YEARS -

TWENTY YEARS APIECE  
FOR CINDY SPIKE,  
BILLY RAT AND  
GHOUL.

AN EXTRA TEN LEFT BIG FRANK ZIT IN TEARS -

FOR FACEACHE MINUS HALF HIS FACE, FOR THE HAPLESS  
DIXON BOYS,  
FOR IKE IMPALED SO CRUELLY ON HIS SPIKE.  
FOR CRAZY JOE WITH HIS GAPING HOLE, THERE'D BE ONE  
FINAL RUMBLE,  
ALONG THE LAST CONVEYOR BELT AT RESYK.

THIRTY YEARS, MAN! FOR  
THAT CRUMMY LITTLE RUMBLE?  
IT AIN'T FAIR! THERE OUGHTA  
BE A LAW AGAINST IT!

A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! THEY LOVED TO GO A-RUMBLING!  
BUT THE ZITS WILL GO A-RUMBLING NO MORE!  
A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! THEY LOVED TO GO A-RUMBLING!

BUT THEY SHOULD'VE  
KNOWN THEY COULDN'T  
BUCK THE LAW!

NEXT PROG: **BACK ON THE STREETS!**



# Know then, O Prince....

....that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the years of the rise of the sons of Aryas, there was an age undreamed of, when shining kingdoms lay spread across the world like blue mantles beneath the stars. Hither came Conan the Cimmerian, black-haired, sullen-eyed, sword in hand. A thief, a reaver, a slayer to tread the jewelled thrones of the Earth beneath his sandled feet.

The CONAN® role-playing game contains all you need to adventure in Hyboria: three rule-books and reference guides, player sheets, dice and a colourful map of Conan's world.

**Take up your broadsword,  
Barbarian, and FIGHT!**

For 2 or more players, ages 10 to adult. Available from better games shops, or, in case of difficulty write to:

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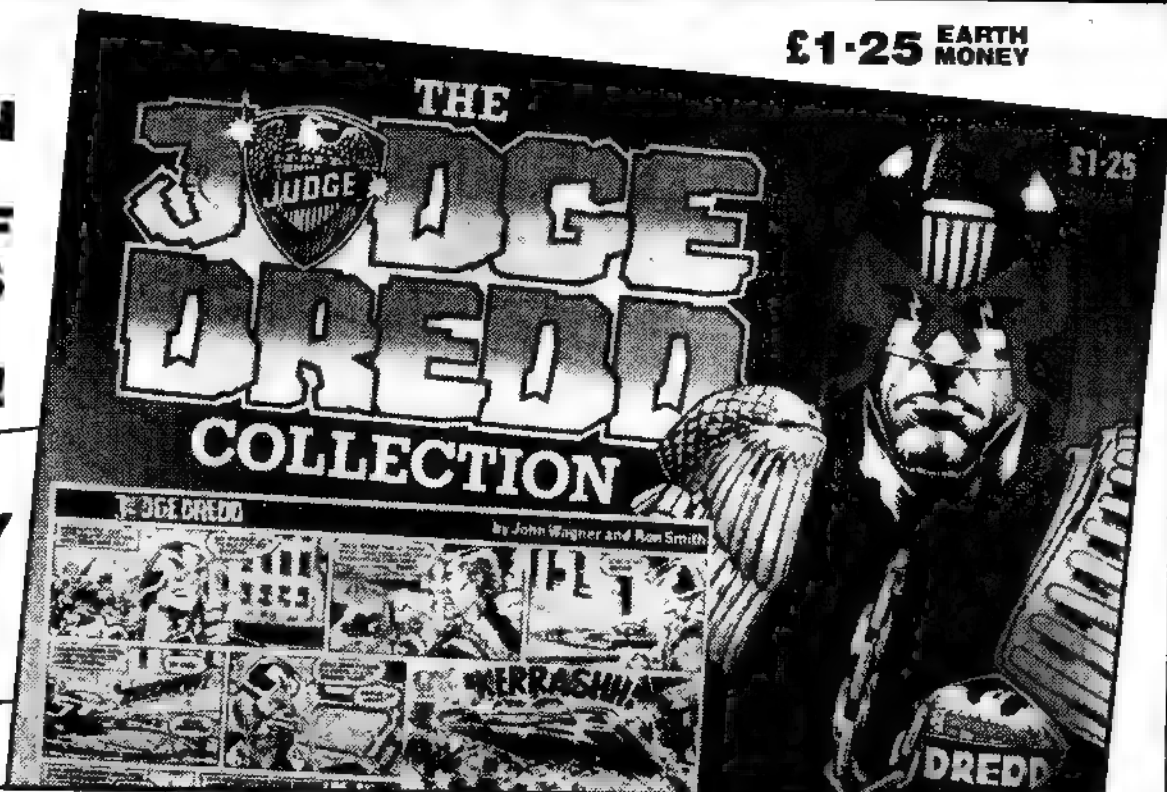
TSR UK Ltd  
The Mill,  
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CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD  
(Tel 0223 212517)



# I JUDGE THIS TO BE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!

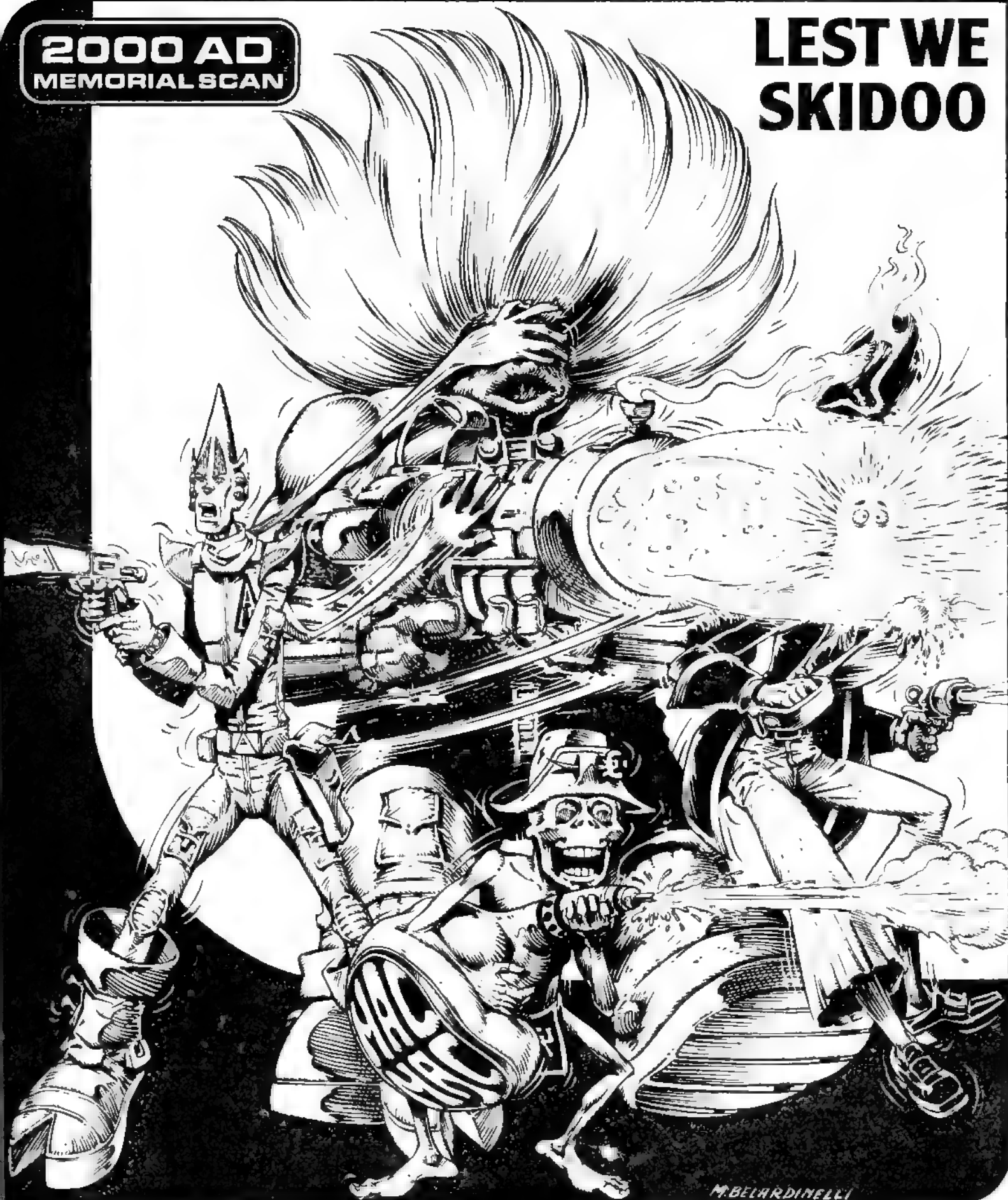
**A MEGA  
COLLECTION  
FEATURING  
THE PICK OF  
THE STRIPS  
FROM THE  
DAILY STAR!**

**GET YOUR  
COPY TODAY  
...BEFORE  
I GET YOU!**



**2000 AD**  
MEMORIAL SCAN

**LEST WE  
SKIDOO**







# THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

# SHOCKS

## CAR WARS

VISITORS TO THE DE-NIRO PLANET SYSTEM WILL FIND TRAVEL EASY AND ENJOYABLE ...

TAXI!

OKAY, BUD, THE METER'S RUNNING. WHERE YOU WANNA GO?

FARE  
CLIK

SELDON 6 SPACEPORT-GOTTA STARSHIP TO CATCH...

OUR CABBIES ARE FRIENDLY AND COURTEOUS ...

I AIN'T INTERESTED IN YER LIFE STORY, BUD.

SO LONG AS YER PAYS THE FARE ...

ER ... SURE ...

THEY ARE ALWAYS READY WITH A FUNNY ANECDOTE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR JOURNEY ...

HAD A CREEP IN HERE LAST WEEK WHO DIDN'T HAVE A CREDIT ON HIM.

HAD TO BREAK ALL HIS FINGERS BEFORE HE'D GIVE ME HIS WRISTWATCH...

AN' THEN ONE OF THOSE OFF-WORLDBERS DIDN'T GIVE ME A TIP ...

THEY SAY HE'S STILL BEING FED THROUGH PLASTIC TUBES.

HOPE A HUNDRED COVERS IT.

MAYBE I SHOULD A SPACE-WALKED...

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
P.M. LLIGAN  
ART ROBOT  
JOHN HIGGS  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STARKINGS

COMPU-73

OUR CABBIES ARE RENOWNED  
FOR THEIR COMPETITIVE  
ATTITUDE ...

**KERRASH!**

GEDDOWN!

STAR-CAB  
SCUM!

THIS IS  
UNIVERSAL  
TERRITORY!

HERE -  
TAKE THIS... WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE  
TO SHOOT OUR  
WAY OUT!

S-B-BUT...

NOBODY  
MESSES WITH  
A STAR-CABBIE!

**KAPOW!**

AAAII!

DAMN!  
A WHOLE  
FLEET OF  
THEM!

YOU'RE  
SURROUNDED,  
STAR-CAB!

COME OUT  
WITH YOUR  
IGNITION KEY  
IN THE AIR...

HOLD TIGHT, BUD.  
STAR-CABS ARE  
FITTED WITH  
LUNATIC DRIVE...

LUNATIC  
DRIVE? WHY  
LUNATIC?





NO PROBLEM, BUD...  
HELLO? UNIVERSAL?  
I NEED TWENTY CABS  
AT THE RISING SUN,  
NIPAN...

THAT'S RIGHT -  
TWENTY. WE'RE A  
LARGE PARTY OF  
HIGH-TIPPING RICH  
BUSINESSMEN, SEE...

OKAY, GUYS,  
THERE'S THE  
RISING SUN!

MOVE INTO  
BATTLE  
FORMATION...

UNIVERSAL

WE'RE PROUD TO SAY THAT THE SPIRIT  
OF FREE ENTERPRISE IS STILL ALIVE IN  
THE DE-NIRO SYSTEM...

AAIIII!

KRILL THE  
UNIVERSAL  
SCRUM!

DIE, YOU  
YELLOW  
DOGS!

KABOOM!

OKAY, BUD.  
WHERE WAS IT  
AGAIN?

SELDON 6  
SPACEPORT...  
AN' FORGET THE  
LUNATIC DRIVE  
THIS TIME!



SORRY 'BOUT THE TIME, BUD, BUT NIPAN'S A LONG WAY OFF WHEN YOU'RE DRIVING SANE.

STILL, THREE DAYS WASN'T BAD, CONSIDERING ...

H-H-HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?



LIKE THE METER SAYS. TEN THOUSAND CRED. PLUS TIP.

IT'S AN UNWRITTEN CAB LAW, SEE. ALWAYS KEEP THE METER RUNNING ...



UH ... WILL YOU TAKE AN I.O.U.?



AND IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WITH OUR CABS, THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER FORMS OF TRANSPORT...

I NEED FIVE PINTS OF BLOOD, NURSE - AND THIRTY BONE-SPLINTS...

YES, DOCTOR. AS SOON AS I'VE ATTACHED THE PLASTIC FEEDING TUBES...



# THE FUTURE IS ZARJAZ...

NEXT PR... PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++



Alert your friends! Warn the neighbours! Tell even your most hated enemy! Yes, Earthlets, next week the galaxy's greatest comic enters a new era of thrill - power! I, Tharg the Mighty, command you to spread the word about this ghaffleette event to every nonscrot alive! Tell them their future is zarjaz: tell them it begins in 2000 AD Prog 435!

## THARG'S 1986 ANNUALS



**ORDER YOUR COPIES NOW!**

NEXT PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++ NEXT PROG ++ ++ NEXT PROG

How to get your Annual autographed by one of Tharg's demented droids!



# ...PASS IT ON!

NEXT PROG + + NEXT PROG + +

EXT PROG

## DREDD DISPENSES JUSTICE

PROG 435  
14 SEP 85

IN

# 2000AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.45 Malaysia  
85c Australia  
85c New Zealand  
85c Mexico  
210c Venus  
60c Mars  
10c Asteroid Belt  
110c Saturn  
10c Neptune  
2c Pluto

24p  
EARTH  
MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

WALKIE  
TALKIE  
FREEBIE



20 TO  
GIVE AWAY!

ROBOHUNTER



alias Sam C. Slade  
(that's S-L-A-Y-E-D to you!)

I AM THE  
LAW!

...AND THE  
SENTENCE  
IS

THRILL-  
POWER!

NEMESIS



in "The Vengeance Of Thoth"

NEXT PROG

+ + NEXT PROG + + NEXT PROG + + NEXT PROG

### PROG 435 : THRILL OVERDRIVE!